

## HELPING MOTHER.

YOUR hands may be small, but every day  
They can do something that's good as  
play;  
They can help mother and she'll be glad  
For all that's done by her lass or lad.

If all the children would think to-day  
Of helping mother, as all of them may,  
They'd bring in water and wood, and do  
A dozen things she would like them to.

For though hands are small and the years  
few,

There's always something they can do  
To help the mothers and make them glad;  
Remember that, little lass and lad.

So help your mothers' about their work;  
Don't wait for asking, don't try to shirk,  
Do just the best you can, and she  
Will say, "What a help are my dears to  
me!"

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## The Sunbeam.

TORONTO, OCTOBER 15, 1892.

## A YOUNG HOME MISSIONARY.

A LITTLE girl in rags and tatters was found in the streets of London, and taken into a Home, where she was clothed and fed and taught. Her mother was dead; her father was a drunkard, and had deserted his child. In the Home she heard about Jesus, and learned to love him. One day, when she had been there about a year, she met her drunken father in the street, and hardly recognized him, so bloated and wretched looking had he become through drink. He was delighted at the change in his daughter.

"But, father," said the dear girl, "Jesus is able and willing to do for you what I has done for me. Won't you come to Jesus, father? He could save you yet."

The tears ran down the miserable drunkard's face while his child pleaded with him, and we hope her entreaties and prayers resulted in his conversion.

Dear young friends, do not be content merely to collect money for the Home and Foreign Missions. We want you to be Home Missionaries yourselves. The man from whom Jesus cast out the devils desired to remain with Jesus, but our Lord would not permit that. "Go home to thy friends," he said, and tell them how great things the Lord hath done for thee." He says the same to each one of his children now. Has he blessed you, and pardoned your sins, and made you his happy child? Then he says it to you. Have you not some unconverted friends? Speak to them lovingly; tell them what God has done for you; try to bring them to God's house; and, above all, pray for them. So shall you too be Home Missionaries.

## THE BEST ORNAMENT.

"OH, mother," said Johnny Reid, "next Wednesday will be the last day of school, and I am sure to get the prize. Sammy Jones is next to me, but I don't intend to miss a single lesson, so he can't get ahead of me. Won't you be glad when I come home with the prize, mother?"

"I am always glad, my son, when you succeed in any right undertaking. You have certainly been studious this term, and glad as I shall be to see you come home with the medal on, yet there is another which I would much rather see you wear."

"What is it, mother?"

"The ornament of a meek and quiet spirit, which is in the sight of God of great price."

Johnny dropped his head, for he knew how much pain he sometimes caused his mother by his fretfulness and impatience.

"I don't see what the medal has to do with that," he said at length.

"I should be glad to see you manifesting as much eagerness to overcome your wrong habits as to master the lessons given you at school," said his mother.

Wednesday soon came, and Johnny won the coveted prize. He was delighted, and said to Sammy Jones as they were leaving the schoolroom together, "I wouldn't come so near getting the prize and then miss it."

This called forth an ill-natured reply from Sammy, which so irritated Johnny that he said hard things to his class-mate. Words soon came to blows.

Johnny's fist was clenched, and he was just rushing forward to strike when a hand was laid on his shoulder, and, turning, there stood his father and mother. They were surprised and grieved at what they saw—books and slate on the ground, and Johnny with flushed and angry face, and hand raised to strike.

In answer to his father's questioning look, he said, "I couldn't help it, father. He said I cheated, and I wouldn't stand that."

"Pick up your books and hat, and we will go home," was all the father said.

The three walked home in silence. When they reached home Johnny took from

his neck the medal he had expected to exhibit with so much pride, and handing it to his mother, said, "Take it, mother. I don't deserve it nor anything else," and laying his head in his mother's lap, he burst into tears.

His mother did not attempt to comfort him, for she felt it would be better to leave him for a time with his own thoughts.

At length she said, "I felt very sorry, my son, to see you as your father and I found you this afternoon."

"Oh, mother," sobbed Johnny, "I did not intend to be so naughty, and I see now that it was all my own fault, for I boasted, and that made Sammy angry, and almost before I knew it we were fighting; but indeed I am very sorry." After a moment he added, "I would rather have a meek and quiet spirit than all the medals in the world."

"That ornament may be yours, my son, but in your own strength you cannot obtain it. You understand me?"

"Yes, mother. You mean that I must ask God to give me this spirit."

"I mean just that. You know how easily you are led astray, and you need to look to Jesus for help when you are tempted. Will you do this, my son?"

"Yes, mother, for I see that, unless I overcome my naughty temper, all the prizes in the world can't make me happy, and then," he added in a softened tone, "I want to live so as to please Jesus."

## WATCHING.

It is necessary in this world to be constantly on the watch. A doll, a slate, a new suit of clothes, toys, books, everything we have requires unceasing care; and unless it is given, we soon have nothing, or our things are so defaced and injured that we no longer prize them. Children do not always think of this. The pleasure of having a thing seems to satisfy them, without a thought of how long they are going to keep it.

"You must not go out in this damp, cold air," said a lady to a little boy. "It will make you cough so you can't get your breath." "I got that a good while ago," said he. Far too young was he to realize what a constant warfare it was to keep that precious breath of life without which he would perish. He must have daily food, he must have garments made and prepared, he must have so many hours of sleep and so many of activity; and then if all was not done just right and he got sick, it was very hard to get him cured and back on the right track again.

Now if it requires so much watchfulness to keep the body of a child in health and life, what do you think of the care you should take of the inner man, the heart and mind? Do you think you can scold, fib, get angry and talk saucily, and still keep a healthy spirit in you? No, you cannot; and more than this, you can grow in sin till you lose eternal life the same as you can lose this life and kill your body by breaking the laws of health.